



## Poison Pen



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### Chapter 1 by Poison Pen

They called him "Poison Pen". He was a bitter, old, lonely man, with no family or friends. He hated the world and everyone in it. He hated people so much that he enjoyed making their life miserable in any way he could.

He lived in an upstairs apartment, with view over the city. He had a telescope positioned in a discreet way behind his bedroom window so he could closefully observe his neighbours and passer byers, day and night. He took walks at dusk, his face hidden under his large black raincoat cap, so nobody would notice him. And then he would strike, whenever he had found his next victim.

After his strike, he would type a letter on his old typewriter, always with gloves on so nobody would be able to identify his fingerprints. One of his last strikes was to kill the neighbours' cat. He kidnapped the animal, put it in a plastic bag with a stone in it and threw it in the river so it would sink. Then, after watching his neighbours frantically looking for their dear pet for days and nights, he typed up his Poison Pen letter and put it in their mailbox at night. "I killed your cat and ate it." the letter said. And he would walk back home with a grin on his face.

Chapter 2 by Saint Savala

But he was tired of killing cats, dogs, and the occasional family hell-bon garden gnome. No, he craved a bigger kill, no more.

And who better to target than Reagan Johannesburg?

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The Johannesbergs had lived across from him for only two years. He blamed them for pushing him over the edge. With their arrival, the apartment building had united. They had invited everyone over for potluck, had exchanged numbers, friends, anecdotes, and soon, everyone was talking to one another like they had been friends for a millennium. It was all so phony. The old man bashed his head with a fist out of anger. Phony! Phony! Phony! Every greeting to the mailman that he heard was a knife to his stomach, every casual hello was a pin in his frontal lobe. He used to have peace, and now he had a goddamn Animal House. Well, they'd regret moving in soon. Oh, yes, would they.

Reagan had perfectly red ringlets and perfectly red dresses to go along with her perfectly red bows. She was the vision of childhood grace. And, the old man assured himself, she was the least likely to put up a fight. After all, her parents had taught her kindness. She wouldn't object to talking to such a harmless old man, or perhaps fetching his mail.

How difficult could it be to smash her head in?

### Chapter 3 by JM



There was only one problem: someone was always watching over Reagan. Her parents, her teachers, her babysitter, her neighbours. The chances of him snatching her from the streets were so slim that he knew not to even consider kidnapping her the old fashioned way.

Which left him with one option.

He would have to befriend the Johannesbergs.

This was not a conclusion reached lightly. But he knew that everything he had suffered through thanks to the Johannesbergs' joviality would come to an end if he could snuff out the light of their life.

Which is why he found himself at their apartment on a Saturday afternoon, handing a poison-free cake over to Mrs. Johanneberg and following Mr. Johanneberg into the living room

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Chapter 4 by Rainyday



Mr. Johanneberg didn't like Reagan. He thought to himself, Never abandoning his leading role as the misunderstood old man, that is all alone and really just needs someone to love him.

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Mrs. Johannesburg was quite the piece of ass. the Poison Pen watched her take a large knife from a rather expensive cutlery set on the counter. I would like to show her how to properly use a knife like that. The old man threw in some compulsive nervous blinking. *Yes, that's right you fools I am pitifully, socially impaired but I still pained over the oven all day to make this cake for you. Because I long for friendship*

"Mr. uh-Pen? Please meet my daughter, Raegan." Said the irritatingly proud Father.

"Oh-ho-ho hey there you little pretty princess." He said crouching down a bit to get eye level with his conquest. He stood and absently minded patted around his shirt "I believe I have something you may like" He pulled out the shiniest most colorful lollipop she had ever seen and gestered for the girl to grab it the at last minute pulled it away. "Oh goodness, where is my manners?" Chuckle & wheeze for effect "That is of course if your Mother approves."

The young Ginger flashed her winning doe eyes to her Mother "May I, Mother?" Ugh disgustingly polite

"Go ahead dear." The woman told her daughter cheerfully. The poison Pen had to stand there and just soak this all in Don't forget the blinking The pen reminded himself

She gently took the candy from his hand looking him in the (blinking) eyes and "Thank you very much thir. You thure are thweet." She has the most adorable lisp\_ "May I go outhide thoo eat this, Mother?

"Ok Hon, but stick close by, actually stay in the corridor, it's getting late to go outside." The little girl nodded and gave her Mommy a big hug around the legs then her father and to the Pens surprise she hugged his legs as well.

"Nithe to finally meet you Thir. Thank you again." She said with the most perturbing innocence. Then skipped out the door.

So the Pen ranted only enough to vent and then it was necessary to save and wait for the soon to be grieving parents before leaving. I See more of Story Wars after Raegan said her goodbyes to get eat some candy in the corridor. The Pen didn't mind. Of course. It may have been poison free, but it su

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The old man relished in the victorious event he orchestrated just then. Isn't it beautiful He thought. The mother approved her own daughter's demise He was laughing inside. He couldn't remember the last time he had laughed inside or out. I wonder how neighborly she will be once she knows she told her to eat that lollipop outside He was at his door, key in hand and there not far from him was the lovely little stepford daughter, in school uniform still sitting on her little trike. Sucker still in her mouth, head unconsciously propped against the hideous green wall papered wall.

Wow the Opiate/Shellac coating I put on the Lolli was some potent stuff indeed The Poison Pen smiled and licked his lips.

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